

THE Melancholie Knight.

By S. R.



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THE
Melancholic Knight


W. S. R.




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8

To Respectiue Readers.



GAllants expect no idle newes,
For carrying tales I scorne to vse,
Imploy their tongues that way who will,
Mens heads with strange reports to fill,
Of what is done in forraigne lands
I cleer from those things wash my hands,
I meddle not like light-brain'd men,
VVith this and that, and where & when,
And how and which and what and why,
And thus, and so, I scorne it I,
I haue a melancholy Scull
Is almost fractur'd tis so full
To ease the same these lines I write,
Tobacco boy a pipe, some light.






Introduction.

Vhen Phoebus Chariot (flaming lining fire)
Was drawne with winged horses to the west,
And obscure darknesse clad in blacke attire,
Had summon'd euery sleeping eye to rest,
The claudie curtaines of the heaucns were spread,
And glorious day from faire Aurora fled.



The windes were all lockt vp and nothing spoke,
The dribbling waters murmur was not heard,
No fire was scene, yet all the ayre seem'd smoke:
The starry lamps were from their shining barr'd
Fower-footed tramlers, all had drowseie heads;
Bush-breeders wrapt vp in their feather-beds.



An vninerfall slumber ceas'd on all,
To bury cares in sleepes forgetfulnesse,

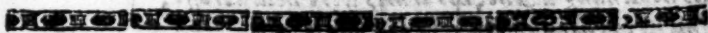
While





Introduction.

While drea^mes and vi^sions did in question call,
Chargin^g the minde with much unquietnesse,
And did present an obiect to my sight,
That made next day to wonder at last night.



I sawe, (or seem'd to see a well shap'd man,
His body formed comely as I thought;
Yet not describe him perfectly I can,
Because his outside was so over-wrought,
With Taylors art, new fashioⁿd from the stall,
What I beheld was but mans making all.



His face being masked with his hat pull'd downe,
And in french doublet without gowne or cloake,
His hose the largest ever came to towne,
And from his nostrils came much stinking smoake,

Garters

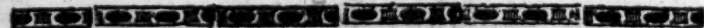




Introduction.

*Garters would make two ensignes for a neede,
And Skoo-ties that for circle did exceede.*

*His head hung downe, his armes were held acrosse,
And in his hat a cole-blacke feather sticke,
His melancholy argued some great losse,
He stood so like the picture of ill lucke:
I longed much his humour for to finde
Vntill at length he thus reueald his minde.*





THE MELANCHOLY KNIGHT.

Like discontented *Tymon* in his Cell,
My braines with *melancholy* humers swell,
I crosse mine armes at crosses that arise,
And scoffe blinde *Fortune*, with hate ore mine eyes:
I bid the world take notice I abhorre it,
Hauing great *melancholy* reason for it.
Ile put my case (and if the world doe please)
To fowre mens censures, and they shall be these;
For my part Ile haue *Riot* ioin'd with *Pride*,
Take *Couetousnesse* and *Fraude*, on th'other side,
And all I haue shall thereupon be laid,
Which is not much, if all my debts were paid:

anA

B

That



The Melancholie

That when these honest men giue vp awarde,
 They will confesse the world doth vse me hard,
 When my grieuances doe once appeare,
 Which I in briebe will only point at here.
 The cause from whence my melancholly growes,
 To the iudious will it selfe disclose:
 Oh wicked age, of wretched daies and times,
 Wherein I write these *melancholy* rimes!
 Vngratefull world, false and vnconstant foun d
 To those braue mindes, to whom thou most art bound:
 I haue red ouer (while youths glasse did run)
 Sir *Lancelot* of the Lake, the Knight of ch'Sun,
 Sir *Triamour*, Sir *Beuis*, and sir *Guy*,
 Fowre sonnes of *Amon*, hors'd so gallantly,
 And all the old worlds worthy men at armes,
 That did reuenge faire Ladies wrongs and harmes,
 The Monster slayers, and the Gyant killers,
 With all the rest of *Mars* his braue well-willers,
 Which to rehearse I neuer shall be able,
 The Worthis *Arthur* had at his round Table;

And

Knight.

And how in Chronicles those dead ones live,
 By breath that *Fame* doth from the Trumpet giue.
 But what an age is this my fellow Knights?
 (I meane all you whom *melancholy* bites)
 As it doth me, the *tonia*ll fort I leaue
 That haue their hundreds yeerely to receiue;
 For they and I, I know shall neuer meete
 In Golding lane, nor yet in Silver streete;
 My *melancholy* walke finde spacious roome
 With peniue pace, about Duke *Hunsfrys* Toome,
 Where many thoughts about the Steeple climbe,
 That humbly walke away their dinner time:
 Yet in despite of *Fortunes* turning wheele,
 In scorne of gold I weare it at my heele,
 Euen in contempt of wealth my spurres are guilt,
 And silver's common in my Rapier's hilt;
 I hate the Idoll misers dote vpon,
 Being as bigge in heart as *Priester John*,
 Disdaining *lezants*, *Rusticks*, *Boores* and *Clownes*,
 My minde is full of Castles, Towers, and Townes,

The Melancholie

Woods, wildernesses, stately fields and groues,
 With castell, most innumerable droue,
 Corne, precious odours, spice, heart cheering wine
 The Ocean full of ships me thinkes is mine,
 And who can haue a richer mind then this?
 Only possession is a thing I misse,
 And want of that same powerfull point in Lawe,
 Makes me remember late a peece I sawe,
 An artificall feast which rare did looke:
 But yet because the Painter plaid the Cooke,
 To make the gazer to his prayse a debter,
 The eye was pleas'd but stomacke nere the better.
 Euen so my minde, which is an empire to me,
 Yeelds hautie swelling thoughts, and they vndoe me,
 Leauing me only an old song to sing
 The baller of the Begger and the King,
 But that I can abide no musicke now,
 My *melancholy* will no mirth allow,
 Therefore take warning resolute set downe,
 To all the fidling fellowes in the towne,

That



5

The Knight

That they approach not neere my tauerne roome,
On paine of itabls to be their fatall doome.
If but their sight my presence doe annoy,
Hee finishe all their daies from man to boy,
The like for th' Talor for his scrawling billy,
I take his *items* most distastfull ill:
If he presme to aske my worship chinke,
With poniard point his doublet hee dooinke,
The Mercers man that pleyes me so of late,
Before I crosse his booke hee crosse his pate,
A Gallants minde beyond all reason frets,
To pay for worne sutes, out of fashion debts,
To come for money due in eightie nine,
Will make a man that's out of cashe repine,
Yet there's *Hungarians* that on tearmes doe stand,
As if one still should haue his purse in hand,
But let all such take notice what I say,
My humor's to receiue, not now to pay,
It is an easie case to vnderstand,
Tenants will shrinke, when Land-lords sell their land:

all

B 3

For



The Melancholie

For 'tis not now as in the dayes of old,
 When men were willing to depart with gold,
 Giue longer time, friend Creditor to debtor,
 Angels grow proud because th'are twelue pence better
 And very scaice withall I will be sworne,
 When to keepe Knight-hood company they scorne,
 For I that know their absence may be bold,
 To cleere my hand from this corrupting gold,
 Look to it Lawyers vnto you they flie,
 And you must answer for them more then I,
 You can transforme their case from good to euill,
 Turning an angell oft into a Diuell,
 But let the Deuill haue a golden clawe,
 You will defend him any sute in lawe.
 Physicians, likewise, must be offered too,
 Or else both pill and potion will nundoe.
 He that into their purging hands doth fall,
 Must bring a sacrifice Angelicall,
 But both may serue for what they get of me,
 If with my Creditors I once agree.

7 The Knight

Ile leaue friend Lawyer to his *Littleton*,
 For little good with me there will be done,
 And so for Doctor-purge an's glister pipe,
 His dyet should be worle then towce and tripe,
 If I his Patients Physicke might perswade,
 We would vndoe him quite and spoyle his trade.
 Take the rare hearbe that growes on *Indies* ground,
 (In *Tauerne* and in *Alehouse* so renown'd)
 Smoke noses with the same from one to tother,
 As though your faces were all sea-cole smother,
 Make fogges and mistes ascend in hor degrees,
 Snuffe some into your nostrils rill you heele,
 And spit and spawle vntill your throats be choking,
 But aboue all things keepe your noses smoking,
 For that's most *Blacke-amore* and *Maian* like,
 And fume the brauer in your braine will strike,
 Then rhume it out, and doe no spitting spare,
 For absolute *Tobacco*nist you are:
 This is braue physicke for braue *Cauellers*,
 This at both ends, vpward and downward cleeres:

T will

The Melancholie

T will make one sober that was drunke before,
 Fill a pipe boye before I write line more;
 So, heer's a health vnto the good estates;
 Of all our Poes that haue smoking pates:
 The *Muses* blesse their braines with store of wit,
 I neere knew Vsurer amongst them yet,
 That puts out hundreds to in gender tenties;
 Their stocke consists of paper, inke, and pennes,
 And a few bookes, their value prouing small,
 When sometim rated on a Brokers stall.
 But what haue I to doe with what they pawne,
 Or sell, or giue, or dedicate by fawne;
 Let me suruay mine owne house well within,
 Where no excesse this many a day hath beene;
 I scorne both silver cups and gilded plate,
 Common with basest trades-men growne of late;
 Tinkers and Coblers and such vulgar asses,
 I loue to drinke Gentleman-like in glasses,
 The rare french fashion is prefer'd thereby
 Which graceth out good wine vnto the eye.

Illu T

Or

The Knight.

Or be it our owne native English beere,
 A glasse presents it to you comely cleere
 If it be thicke, or thin in watry plight,
 The Brewers fault will that way come to light:
 Besides, you know by fire great losses growes,
 Which to preuent (as all my neighbours knowes)
 I seldome times haue any chimney smoke,
 Except great cold extremely doe prouoke;
 Yet often then, for feare of doing harme,
 I lie a bed till noone, and keepe me warme.
 Likewise, I doe not wastfull spend my store,
 In drawing idle Beggars to my doore:
 For if I should, the Country would come downe,
 And bring a charge of poore vpon the Towne;
 No, there is none shall frame by me excuses
 And taxe or charge me with these great abuses:
 And as for gluttons feasting at my Table,
 Let them that are more willing or more able.
 For I protest, who surfers on my cheere,
 Within the compasse of these seauen yeere,

C

Ile,

The Melancholie

Ile pay for's physicke on my knightly word,
 If he'le betworne he tooke it at my boord:
 I keepe a table hanging in my hall,
 The *Poetry* is my inuention all;
 And though I say it, (wanting others praise)
 The *Morals* fit most rarely for our daies,
 A frugall house, it doth instruct to keepe
 Matter in this age to be weighed deepe,
 Although the lines are written but with inke,
 A man may call them golden Rules I thinke,
 Because this doth aduise to saue his purse,
 The empty plague whereof ther's nothing worse.

Ile be no miser of them to my friends
 Because, good counsell, no wise man offends,
 Thus they begin, th'are plaine, but to good ends.

*Into my spacious Hall who enters here,
 Must not expect to meete with belly-cheere,
 No Diues dinings, nor yet Nabals feasts
 Our dyet doth distinguish men from beasts:*



II

Knight.

In steede of fat beefe breake-fasts when we rise,
A pipe of good Tobacco will suffice,
Which both dischargeth all the hume we haue,
And doth the charge of other drinking saue.
Rak't, roste, sod, at noone is vulgar feeding,
But auintie saillets they are most exceeding.
Strong drinke make strong dissensions this is sure,
Your smallest beere, small quarrels doth procure;
At night, light suppers if you light upon,
Digestion easie wi'l be quickly gone.
An egge new laid is physicall rare roasted,
And so is cheese of the welch fashion toasted;
Beefe, Mutton, Porke, Yeale, Lambe, (grose dyets folly)
Are breeders of expence and melancolly,
Small birds, small fish, small reasons and small beere,
May saue a knight, a hundred pound a yeere.
Let such as will shun prodigall expence,
Learne to obserue good wholsome rules from hence,
Those that are of another humour, so
Each man his owne purse credit best doth know;

C 2

So



The Melancholie

So I doe mine, for as before I said,
 The Golden-age and Siluer is decay'd:
 Oh now comes on a *melancholy* fit,
 To write of Golde and not possesse a whit;
 Once more *Tobacco* boy, Ile smother grieffe,
 I tarry for it sirra, quicke be brieffe.
 What say es the knaue that keepes the smoaking shop?
 Will he haue money ere I drinke a drop?
 Doth he deny to trust me one pipe more?
 Tell him, Ile nere pay penny off my score
 Vlesse he send me presently his best.
 And furthermore, thus much I doe protest,
 Choller doth stirre my furie vp so grim,
 If he deny to smoke me, Ile smoke him:
 Shall I be held for such a younger brother,
 As not be trusted for a little smother?
 Is ready-money so vpon the spurre
 That debts like Lawyers may not vse demurre,
 Why then the auncient speech most true doth chauce
 Heers yours, ther's mine, no longer pipe then daunce:

Well

Knight.

Well, leaue that knaue because he deales so base,
Fetch me *Tobacco* at another place,
Bid him send good, and set it on the store,
He shall haue all my custome for greap store;
If these same foolish knaues had any wit,
My custome would afford much vse of it;
For to all Guls that come why they might vowe,
A *Knight* had of this very reule but now,
Who daily sends and likes it passing well:
And thus my name their bad for good might sell,
And vtterance thereby would not be small,
So I deserue the best, and trust withall;
But fooles there are cannot occasion see,
A very Cobler shall as welcome be
That payes his readie money at the stub,
As I that come a trust to worships dub,
This makes me *melancholy* as a Cat,
And in mine eyes doth cause me pull my hat,
To thinke how all men carefully prouide
To ioine with money on the stronger side.

C 3

Let

The Melancholie

Let it be foole; or asse, or dolt, or gull,
 More sheepish then the Sheepe that weares the wooll;
 No language, but the Countries that did breed him,
 Taught by the prating Nurse which did spoon-feed him,
 Got vp to *London* with a stick in's hand,
 And there seauen yeere at some stall talking stand;
 His trauels, *Islington*, *Haenry*, or *Hyegate*.
 Yet this smoth fellow with his cunning sly pate,
 Will scrape, and scratch, and spare, and pinch and saue,
 Beyond my wealth for all the wit I haue.
 And note the spitefull case twixt him and I
 Let me on credite any where goe buye,
 And he in's purse haue ready money plentie,
 Where I haue one Sir they leafford him twenty:
 Yes sir, and I sir, welcome sir, indeed sir,
 When I shall haue tis money that wee need sir,
 This Gentleman, (then haue a hat he must)
 Payes present quoyne, intruth we cannot trust.
 Heere be the fellowes with the nimble hammes,
 And they haue learn'd to liue without their dammes,

Such

Knight.

Such as haue skill to sell a peece of stufte,
 And hauing wealth, why they haue wit enough.
 Admit a man should brauely vndertake,
 To trauell further then sir *Francis Drake*,
 And with more languages his tongue were cloy'd,
 Then there was vs'd when *Babell* was destroy'd:
 What of all this, when tryall shall be found,
 T'would neuer serue to take vp twentie pound:
 Let Scholler bring his Hebrew and his Greeke,
 And with the same a hundred pound goe seeke.
 The Vsurer in English will reply,
 Sir I must haue some good securitie:
 Come Traueler from *Turkey*, *Roome*, or *Spaine*,
 And take a sute of trust in Burchin-lane,
 Let him bring newes to furnish all th' Exchange,
 And make himselfe admired at most stranges
 Some Citizen must passe his bond or bill,
 Or else the Gallant rests *non-sued* still.
 Let Souldier come with scarre-becarued skinne,
 And talke of *Newport* battaile he was in:

Seige

The Melancholie

Seige of *Ostend*, and braue exploits in *France*,
 To golden credite will him not aduance;
 Who'll take his word for lodging, or for diet?
 He might haue stay'd at home and kept him quiet:
 Perhaps will some say, and haue sau'd an arme,
 Or Musket shot had done his legs no harme;
 And this hath made me neuer venter farre.
 I once was ouer-Sea to see the warre,
 Where souldiers spent both blood and life most free
 But I protest not one the lesse for me:
 No, killing men? I euer did abhorre it;
 Yet doe not hold me to be Coward for it;
 For if I were constrain'd to doe my best,
 My sword should be as naked as the rest;
 There's certaine rules which I intend to vse,
 First Ile not fight vntill I cannot chuse;
 And all my Creditors, while I doe liue,
 Shall haue good words, though nothing else I giue;
 Giue me the lye my patience milde receiues it,
 Knowing I often lye, when none perceiues it.

And

Knight.

And therefore that same tearme doth ne're perplexe me;
 But if I vs'd nor lying, sure 't would vex me:
 Good company doth very much delight me,
 I ne're thinke scorne who euer doe iniure me;
 The poorest man that keepe the meanest house,
 I'll taste his pudding, or his peece of souce,
 His household loate, his butter and his cheefe,
 Such curtisie by pride I will not leese,
 If it be offered me, I will not faile
 To take my neighbour Coblers pot of ale.
 With meane good fellows I can well agree,
 And leauerich Knights as well as they leaue me:
 Yet shall my Lady haue her owne desire;
 To match their Ladies in their brane attire:
 For shee's a Gentlewoman (though I say it)
 That doth deserue to domineere and sway it,
 To Lady it, she seru'd a Lady taught her,
 Well bred and borne a good rich Graziers daughter;
 One, that if once he bid the world good night,
 His death would cure the *Melancholy knight*;

D

And

The Melancholie

And make him mightie with exceſſiue wealth,
 But I am ſicke to thinke ypon his health;
 A luſtie man and yet aboue three ſcore:
 If I ſhould die and goo to heauen before,
 Which I thinke not, but if I ſo were croſt,
 All that eſtate weree'ry peny loſt:
 With him I play the Polititian ſo,
 I haue his loue moſt absolute I know,
 Rundlets of Sacke, with ſager-loaues and ſpice,
 I ſend as tokens that may loue intice,
 Which if I did not hope to finde at large,
 He ſhould be hang'd ere I would bear the charge:
 For now adaiies I hold he groſſe doth erre,
 That ſpends his money for I thanke you ſir,
 I am beholden to you for this kindneſſe,
 Count me a buſſard if I ſhew ſuch blindneſſe:
 No, I haue one gift proueth not amiſſe
 To take all comes, be whatſoere it is.
 As for example, when I let a leaſe,
 And raiſe my rent vnto the moſt increaſe;

b7A

C

When

The Knight.

When th'utmost penny I haue brought it to,
 Before I seale the same, why thus I doe,
 I adde a Capon, Turkie, Goose, or so,
 At quarter day my Tenants loue to shew,
 And no man is so simple and absurde,
 That he will loose his bargaine for a birde,
 Thus doe I fetch my subtrill hob-nailes in,
 More craftier growne by ods then they haue bin,
 But let them growe as cunning as they may,
 There's trickes to fetch them in and make them pay,
 'Tis not amisse to keepe such fellows vnder,
 That they and riches may be held asunder,
 For it their wealth come to a little height,
 They thinke themselves their Landlords fellows freight,
 This is a thing that ought not be allow'd,
 But Ile keepe mine for being ouer prond,
 They shall not boast of pen-worths at my hand,
 In any thing they hold of house or land,
 What charge haue they but homely country fare,
 Or what discredit if their clothes be bare,

bñA

D 2

When

The Melancholie

When I must maintaine shew of gallant life,
 Especially vpon my Lady wife,
 Who (I protest vnto my very friends)
 More in apparell then my rear is, spends:
 My rent, poore rent, like to a garment rent,
 As thats past wearing that is almost spent,
 If one fat kinsman or another dye-not,
 And that vnlucky banded *Death* supply-not,
 Ere long the wandring Knight I will goe play,
 And put out venters at returne to pay:
 As, who will vndertake giue three for one,
 When I doe that which hath bin done by none,
 Namely, returue from *Salisbury* to *London*,
 And number iust those stones (to this hower vndone)
 The Diuels bastard *Merlin* placed there,
 Which admirable doe each other beare:
 Or when I crosse the Ocion into *Fraunce*,
 And bring from thence king *Pippin's* warlike launce,
 Mounseieur *Malignants* armour of gold plate,
 (Which would proue very wholsome to my state)

And

Knight.

And hundred proiects which I keepe obscure,
 Vntill the practise I doe put in vre.
 Another helpe I haue at a dead list,
 As I could turne *Alcumist* for a shift,
 Shift said I, that same word I will conuert,
 Leait some conclude it for a shifting art.
 Yet for the rime sake, (cause I am in haste)
 Ile let it passe, howeuer it distaste,
 And such as make a question, let them trie it,
 For on my credit there is profit by it,
 But how? note that, not out of brasse and copper
 To turne that gold in qualitie iust proper,
 But turning off againe to the professor,
 That of a wealthy Nonice is possessor,
 'Tis a deepe Arte to try conclusions by,
 And may be called *Craft*, or *Mystry*.
 There is no Science that a man can name,
 Makes all professors rich that vse the same.
 Some man hath gotten much by *Alcumie*,
 And many men haue lost, He nor deny.

D 3

And

The Melancholie

And on my credit I dare boldly say,
 I know the getting and the loosing way.
 Why then may some object vnto me fur:
 What is the cause your selfe you not preferre?
 He shew them reason for it by and by,
 And thus conceiue it in a Simily.
 An Angler goes to take himselfe some fish,
 Hauing baite, line, and hooke vnto his wish,
 He patient waiteth with a fixed sight,
 Yet taketh none because they will not bite:
 Few words will serue to satisfie the wise,
 Picke English out of this, let that suffice.
 Tobacco boy, and a cleane pipe withall,
 Sirra a candell, tis in hastel call,
 I once kept men, (whose liueries being worne)
 For sauing charge, a boy now serues my turne:
 Amongst the rest I had a beetle-head,
 Of vulgar education Clownish bred,
 Whom I call'd to me as alone I late,
 And tooke Tobacco, which begauing at

bna

D

Sirra



Knight.

Sirra(quoth I) vnto the staring owle,
 Giue a cleane pipe, and burne this same,tis fowle,
 So he supply'd my vse still with a new,
 And those which I return'd away he threw,
 When none was left,hast burn'd those pipes I said?
 (Quoth he) sir I as good a hand haue made,
 With them you bad me burne,our fire is small,
 And so to make short worke I broke them all:
 The Clownish villaine, thinking I did burne them,
 As out of vse,I did intend to turne them;
 Quicke,drie *Tobacco*, fill a pipe compleate,
 And then my pen goes forward in a heate,
 There's newes,rare newes,new newes come to my hand,
 The like nere since the conquest in this land;
 Call'd *Trew* and *wonderfull* the story saies,
 A Serpent newly whelped in our daies:
 Nay more, a Dragon is title fitter,
 Because he is a verie poison spitter:
 Some he hath kill'd, but eate them he refuses,
 And neere to *Horslam*, worse then horseplay vses,

For

The Melancholie

For he hath slaine, (they say) I know not who,
 Nay, is beside a Cony-catcher too,
 Suppos'd to liue by theeuing in the warrens;
 Which if he doet will make the burrowes barren:
 But if according to the Bookes direction,
 The Carrier tell vs of his strange infection,
 It shall be seene *the Melancholy Knight*
 Like valiant *George* will with the dragon fight,
 Let him wrap vp his body in a bundle,
 And with his poison vp to *London Trundell*,
 Ile arme my selfe directly at all points,
 And on the Dragon venter limbes and ioynts,
 He or the Serpent, I will set vpon her,
 To raise my worship to degree of honour,
 I hope it is notequally so fierce,
 As that same Monster *Chronicles* rehearse,
 Which came out of the *Irish* seas a shore,
 The like whereof was neuer seene before,
 With whom the king *Merutius* would go fight,
 Forbidding combat to each other Wight;

For

The Knight.

For which braue resolution which he held,
 He was past hope and helpe most cruell killd;
 If he be such I will vnlay'r againe,
 I long not to be desperately flaine,
 And set vpon a poison-spitting thing;
 Hath teeth and clawes, and venome, taile and sting,
 That were fool-hardy to expose my life,
 And make a mourner of my Lady wife,
 And therefore for a time I will forbear,
 Till of a second part in print I heare;
 Which shall no sooner (I protest) come out,
 But Ile take horse to *Horslum* for a bout,
 And so Ileaueth this filthy scurrie Dragon,
 That neuer yet did foyle a Knight to bringe on,
 I chaunc'd of late an ancient booke to yeld,
 As good as *Beuts*, and as strange and thow,
 Of Lyons, Leopards, *Elgers*, *Beuts* and *Bores*,
 And such ill faces as in Forests rore;
 Amongst the rest was one that had a den,
 Pil'd like a wood-wharfe with the bones of men,

dgronila

E

Hce

The Melancholie

He had a head most fearefull to behold,
 Wherein, two eyes like globes of fire did hold,
 Teeth terrible to bite through flesh and bone,
 A forked tongue the like was neuer knowne,
 Claws past compare to scratch downe trees withall,
 A sting in's taile would enter through a wall,
 I doe protest, I was almost afraid
 To reade the strange discription that was made,
 Of this den-diuell, (sure he was no lesse)
 As by the story any man would ghesse:
 Yet by a valiant Knight, this same hot shot
 Was hew'd as small as flesh into the pot:
 Then in that booke a Dragon I doe finde
 The like is not among the Dragons kinde,
 Th' inchaunted Dragon of the darkesome shade,
 Of seauen mettals all compos'd and made:
 And that the world shall witnesse I am red
 (Gainst *melancholy* vexings in my head)
 In auncient stories courage to prouoke,
 Not spending all my time in taking smoke,

Although

The Knight.

Although my wo: ship's scandal'd now and then
Amongst the ruder sort of vulgar men,
But that I turne and ouerturne againe.
Old bookes, wherein the worm-holes doe remaine,
Containing acts of auntient Knights and Squires,
That fought with Dragons, spitting forth wilde fires
The history vnto you shall appeare,
Euen by my selfe *verbatim* let downe heere:

As thus,

Sir *Eglamour* that worthy Knight
He tooke his sword and went to fight,
And as he rode both hill and dale
Armed vpon his shirt of male.
A Dragon came out of his den
Had slaine, (God knowes how many men)
When he espied sir *Eglamore*,
Oh if you had but heard him rore,

E 2

And

The Melancholie

And scene how all the trees did shake,
 The Knight did tremble, horse did quake,
 The Birds betake them all to peeping,
 It would haue made you fall a weeping:
 But now it is in vaine to feare,
 Being come vnto, fight dogge fight beare.
 To it they goe, and fiercely fight
 A liue-long day from morne till night:
 The Dragon had a plaguy hide,
 And could the sharpest Steele abide,
 No sword will enter him with cuss
 Which vext the Knight vnto the guts;
 But as in choller he did burne
 He watch'd the Dragon a good turne,
 And as a yawning h did fall,
 He thrust his sword in hilts and all.
 Then like a Coward he to flie
 Vnto his den that was hard by,
 And there he lay all night and roar'd,
 The Knight was fory for his sword:

But

The Knight.

But riding thence sayd, *I forsake it,*
He that will fetch it let him take it.
 And so I hope to the Iudicious wife,
 Thus much of this rare story shall suffice,
 To proue how I in worthy workes am read,
 How ere illiterate censures are misled:
 But as I will not vaunt of my deserts,
 So will I not in mine owne good parts,
 I haue a Musc bath beene at *Hillem*,
 And braine some-time that verled it flow vpon
 The world shall know though *Melancholy* bites.
 The discontented *Money-scurning* Knight,
 I haue interiour excellence that shines
 Beyond your earthlings gold and siluer mines:
 Once more *Tobacco* to perfume my braine,
 He smoke amongst you in my Poets vaine.

The Melancholic

Melancholic Conceits.

R Apier lie there, and here my hat and feather,
 Drawe my silke curtaine to obscure the light,
 Goose-quill and I must sojourn a while together,
 Lady forbear I pray, keepe out of sight,
 Call pearle away, let one remoue him hence,
 Your skreeking Parrot will distract my sence.

Would I were neere the rogue that cryeth *blacke*,
 Buy a new *Almanacke*, doth vex me to:
 Forbid the maid shee winde not vp the iacke,
 Take hence my watch it makes too much a doe,
 Let none come at me deereest friend or kin,
 Who ere it be, I am not now within.

Knights

To Fortune.

THou pur-blinde puppet for a Trade-mans staule,
Thou limping Ladie of the Hospitall;
Empresse of Epicures and belly-gods;
With whom I vowe to live and die at odds;
Thou mole-ey'd, owle-ey'd, Countesse for a spittle,
That gives to some too much, to mee too little,
Thou whirly-gigge, and rats-bane of my life,
Which by thy wheele dost seeme some wheel-wrights wife
Thou make-bate to a discontented minde,
Thou water-bubble, wastfull passe of winde,
Thou flying-feather of a wood-cocks wing,
Thou Heathenish and very Pagan thing,
Thou Misers friend, thou worthe Gallants foe,
Thou scurvie Ballat of *I wale in moe*,
Thou



The Melancholie

Thou that all discontentment dost prouoke,
 Thou worste to me then this Tobacco smoke,
 Thou that Rage, Fury, Envy dost importune,
 He tickle thee, thou scurvy minded Fortune.

To Ladie Pecunia.

A Pin for them that care a point for me,
 And that's the loue betweene my selfe and thee,
 Proud Lady of the gold and siluer mine,
 Thou scorn'st my company, I banish thine:
 What stampe looser thou about dost beare,
 And causest many for to stampe and sweare,
 Or runnest current quaine, from man to man,
 I am not currant, thou hast made me wan.
 And therefore since thou givest me vncloth,
 In being stranger to my purse and chest,
 Not looking on me with thy golden face,
 Nor yeelding me angelicall embrace:

Expreffe

Knight.

Expressing loue by pounds most kinde and willing,
 But comett to me by sixe-pence, and by shilling;
 To be thy Treasurer I doe abhorre it,
 Ile neither purse nor chest, nor baggeth thee for it,
 But vse thee euen in all disgrace I may,
 To eate and drinke, and dice thee still away.

To Patience.

Long haue I waited at thy woefull gate,
 With expectation to augment my state,
 And sought for her which cannot yet be found,
 The Lady that makes crazie credits sound;
 She that I thinke will nere be friends with me,
 Because a sunder we so often be:
 But *Patience* I protest thou art to blame,
 And I haue cause vpon thee to exclaime,
 Thou dost neglect, deferre, protract, delay,
 And puts me emptie off from day to day;

F

When

The Melancholie

When I expect to haue my wants supply'd,
 Sayes, helpelesse friends, *Patience* good sir provide:
 Who can take vp an hundred pound, I pray,
 And pawne some *patience* till he come and pay:
 Or trade with Tradeſ-man be for what it will,
 That will take *Patience* hand into his bill.
 No maſters no, all gripe to get their owne,
 And I from *Patience* am impatient growne.

To Fame.

THou art the Lady that I ſeek to pleaſe,
 Before *Pecunia*, *Fortune*, *Patience*; theſe
 Are all inferiour in renowned name,
 To this eternall honour-giuer *Fame*;
 Say I had *Fortunes* gifts in large degree,
 Why fooles haue fortune we doe daily ſee.
 If moneyes Lady would for me provide
 More quoine and plate, then is in all Cheape-side:

Let



The Knight.

Let *So'ons* saying in this case suffice,
 There are more wealthy fooles then wealthy wife;
 If I take *Patience* phylicke for my sore,
 And wate with her at expectations dore,
 What's the reward will follow? euen this;
Patience and pouertie in th'end will kisse:
 Therefore Ile set wit working like a watch,
 Some rare vnknowne inuention to dispatch
 That all the world could not haue brought about;
 If I had not beene borne to finde it out:
 And when I haue it (being yet vnbegotten,
 I shall haue *Fame* aliue, and dead and rotten.

To Time.

THou Register of old Antiquities,
 Obseruer of the worlds iniquities,
 Suruaying life from birth till *Death* intoombe,
 From *Adam's* making, to the day of doome:

F 2

That



The Melancholie

That in thy restlesse cunning dost admit
 Of actions lawfull, or of things vnfit,
 And hast thy head behind of purpose ball'd,
 Because thou neuer wilt be backe recall'd,
 But wear'st a locke before I vnderstand,
 On which I neuer yet could lay my hand.
 I haue expected (thou graue auntient father)
 Thy helping hand, and I protest the rather,
 Because they say that *Time* by turnes doth goe,
 And hitherto I haue not found it so:
 Therefore for some good turne, one of these daies
 I challenge thee, or Ile disprooue thy praise,
 And I write of thee according as I find,
 That thorow age thou art both ball'd and blind,
 Finde out a time, good *Time* for to relieue me,
 For at this time, *Time* very bad doth grieue mee.

Knight.

To all miserable Misers.

YOU carelesse raking, greedy getting slaues,
 That neuer haue enough till in your graues,
 Vntill *Death* haue you prisners in his hold,
 As you in chests locke vp your bagges of golde,
 You that haue that excessiue weakh lyes by,
 Would furnish twentie such poore Knights as I,
 I doe detest you all as dunghill swaines,
 You dogged *Nabals* with your cursed gaines,
 That loue base lucre so entirely well,
 You'le venter soules, as *Dives* did to hell;
 And heere I vowe, promise, and firme protest
 I scorne this hoording money in a chest,
 That golden sin on me shall neuer light,
 As cleere as is the childe was borne last night;
 From keeping money lying on my hand,
 So much kinde gentle Reader vnderstand,
 With *Bias* I doe giue the world this flout,
All that is mine I beare with mee about.

F 3

T.

The Melancholie

The Conclusion.

THe Fryer that his braines did breake,
 To make a brazen head to speake,
 And spent his study seauen yeere,
 Ere that perfection would appeare;
 Then fell a sleepe when he should watch,
 Trusting his man a foolish patch,
 That to it gaue no heed at all,
 But heard the voice and would nor call:
 What was the gaine he got at last?
 Three words, *Time is, Time was, Times past,*
 And those for this time I haue tooke
 To end my *melancholy* booke:
 Especially, last of the three,
 Which is *Tim's* past: farewell to thee:

FIN IS.

